Molly Rover.

A new SONG.

THESE fifteen years a maid I've been,
They call me Molly Rover,
But o'er the Hills I'll go this day,
To follow my jolly ſoldier.
To my roude doud

My maidenhead it is a weed,
It grows up in yon border,
And carefully I did it keep,
And gave it to my ſoldier.
Roudy, &c.

Fain would I kiſs thy roſy lips,
It would make me look the bolder,
O no, no, my mother ſays,
You muſt not kiſs with a ſoldier.
Roudy, &c.

My ſiſter Jane ſhe loves her wheel,
She bids me mind my ſpinning,
But how can I get married now,
There's neither gold nor linen.
Roudy, &c.

But I'll break my reel and burn my wheel,
Drive all things out of order,
And pin my petticoats about my knee,
And follow my jolly ſoldier.
Roudy, &c.

I follow'd him from Glaſgow town,
From Glaſgow town to Stirling,
And there he got his will of me,
I follow'd him to Dumferling.
Roudy, &c.

My brother ſaid he would take me home,
And clad me like a lady,
But I thought long to play the game,
And would not obey my daddy.
Roudy, &c.

He laid me down upon the green,
And play'd me Molly Rover,
But in a crack my mother ſpoke,
And flung all things out of order.
Roudy, &c.

'Tis over hills and over dales,
And over bogs and ditches,
I think my lady got a fright,
Before he button'd his breeches.
Roudy, &c.

My father he did me purſue,
My ſiſter and my brother,
But long before they got to me,
I was with my jolly ſoldier.
Roudy, &c.